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Ann Pauling

MODERN BENEVOLENCE:

A SATIRE,

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BY EGBERT PHELPS.

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MODERN BENEVOLENCE:

A SATIRE.

Hail, brothers! hail! here once again we stand
Where, years agone, we wandered hand in hand,
Gay, thoughtless boys, whose idle, careless feet
Tracked every shade of Learning's hallowed seat;
Where, unlike Rachel of that former day,
Who wept the children that had passed away,
We, thankless youths! unmindful of our lot,
Rejoiced because our President was Nott:
Where Hickok's staff rang o'er each stony plain—
By Freshmen styled old Union's Doctor Kane;
Where, lest we too old fogyish appear,
A New-man teaches Latin every year;
And, while we learn each barbarous tongue to speak,
A learned Tayler mends our broken Greek:
Where, too, our valiant "Captain," stern and wise,
Leads our battalion through the starry skies;

His long gray beard outstreaming on the air,
Brighter to us than Berenice's hair.
(Though Juniors, heedless of the honor due,
Declared him "*Nott* Professor No. 2;")
Where Prof. Gillespie, with rare learning stored,
Builds "Roads and Railroads" out of Bristol board;
And where we hung o'er lessons long and "tough,"
E'en in mechanics—most egregious stuff—
Foster-ed till weary nature cried "enough!"
Where Seniors learned all sorts of *forms* to draw,
While Alex. Thompson lectured on the law.
How culprits growled we never can forget,
Caught in the meshes of our Tutor "Nett."
All these, and others, come at memory's call—
Pearson, "Curator" of each classic hall,
Prof. P——, too, who never taught at all,
And Peissner, who, one well-remembered day,
Thought that we Seniors should have—"learned to bray."
To one and all, upon this festive day,
The Muse bids welcome, and without delay
Will cease her cackling and begin her lay.

I sing a bug—a monstrous, noisy thing,
That sweeps o'er earth on wide extended wing
Stinging the nations, while her deafening song
Cracks the weak brains of each assembled throng,
Till, by its luring numbers long beguiled,
Whole peoples rage in frenzy fierce and wild,
And, quitting earth, high through the heavens sail,
Hanging, entranced, upon its wondrous tale.
A hundred heads its hideous form disguise,
Furnished, like Argus, with a hundred eyes,
And bearing underneath, for greater speed,
As many crawlers as a centipede.
A curious monster, somewhat like to those
That suck life's current from the sleeper's toes,
For this, though scorning such a paltry toll,
Draws out the life-blood from the very sole:
And, like those beetles that at twilight come,
A big, black bug, preceded by a hum.

Hail, glorious Humbug! potent ruler thou,
Before whose sceptre kings and princes bow!

Whose lordly empire o'er the human soul
Stretches unlimited from poll to poll;
Who tossest upward, in thy sportive might,
Fools, knaves, and madmen, to the giddy height
They ne'er had climbed save for thy ready power,
Where they shall cling but for a fleeting hour,
Then tumble headlong downward to give place
To other brawlers of the self-same race.
Still dost thou bid each spinster to invade
The cool Parnassus and the classic shade!
Or kitchen damsels, humbler duties spurning,
To burn their biscuits while they air their learning;
Or, armed with ready pen or readier tongs,
Burning with zeal for woman's rights—and wrongs,
With hands from making pie-crust scarcely dry,
Essay to knock our "upper-crust" to pi!
The while old women, for their country's weal,
Harangue their gossips from the spinning wheel,
Obedient ever to thy high commands,
Spinning long yarns with tongues as well as hands!
Still dost thou dub each beardless boy a thinker,
And make a preacher of a tramping tinker!

Make cobblers spout with patriotic blast,
And us to wish their theme might be their *last !*
Turn Yankee pedlars to enthusiasts,
And image venders to iconoclasts !
Vain every effort of the rebel sage
Successful war against thy power to wage ;
For, like that fabled bird of ancient times,
Whose fame still lingers in the poet's rhymes,
Up from thine ashes thou dost proudly spring,
And mount still higher on a fleeter wing.
But if, perchance, some regicide endeavor
Prevail to quench thy monarch life forever,
As armed men, on old Bœotia's shore,
Sprang from the teeth by Cadmus sown of yore,
So each dead humbug breeds a thousand more.

In former times old Rome, as we are told,
Shone out triumphant in her age of gold,
Then saw the silver age the brass environ,
And, last of all, the gloomy age of iron.
We, livers in this latter day sublime,
Have changed the order of the olden time ;

We've passed our iron age, and now, behold!
Our age of brass: more than the purest gold
Brass rules the market, shines in every place,
But, most of all, in young Columbia's face.
Doctors and lawyers, politicians too,
Preachers and poets, wear the brazen hue.
Now fools and idiots, girls and country swains,
Boasting, perhaps, a thimbleful of brains,
May o'er life's raging torrents safely pass,
And mount to glory on a bridge of brass.

First of the towering humbugs that engage
The rapt attention of this brazen age,
Is its Benevolence; not such as starts
In full outpourings from the noblest hearts,
Seeking, with noiseless stream, each silent shade,
Watering the humbler flowerets of the glade;
But such as moves with pompous self-laudations,
Seeking the gaze of earth's assembled nations,
Wide mouthed and boisterous, loaded with pretence,
Demanding dollars, but denying sense.

The Muse, indignant at the monster's guile,
Would claim your earnest, patient hearing, while
She paints, in colors that a child may see,
Some of the schemes of our philanthropy.
How many a Dives, longing for the fame
That clusters proudly round the Giver's name,
Thinks to atone for his unholy thrift,
And buy God's pardon with a death-bed gift:
And as, through life, unheeding pity's prayers,
He robbed all others, now he robs his heirs;
The gold he'd carry with him if he could,
He scatters freely for his country's good,
And founds a hospital where all may find
Relief from every ill save those of mind;
The world applauds, and o'er his crumbling bones
Rears a huge pile of monumental stones.
But, with the nodding flowers that o'er him wave,
A fierce, hot lawsuit springs from out his grave;
Food for the lawyers, who must have, you know,
In all their toil, a glorious *quid pro quo*—
A quid the greater from its long pursuing,
That only grows the tougher for the chewing;

Such rich bequests each eager brother-in-law
Takes from dead hands to be consumed in "jaw."
Thus in contention many years are spent,
And half the money, which was never meant,
By rents obtained, to be so sorely rent;
And when no more of treasure can be spilt,
The case is settled and the house is built,
Which soon becomes a very safe retreat,
"Where few shall part and many [doctors] meet;"
Where crowds of followers of the healing art,
By "applications" make the sick men smart,
Whose fame, like great Napoleon's, is the louder,
Just in proportion as they deal in powder;
Whose lives in deeds of charity are spent,
Smiling "like Patience on a monument;"
Meanwhile they go, among earth's sad relations,
Through life erecting monuments to patients;
(An apt idea, by the critic's leave,
Nor plagiaristic, as you'll soon perceive;
Sir Walter's Patience *on* the tombstone breathes,
The doctor's patients slumber underneath;

So let no critic, with a dire intent,
Essay to punish, for no pun-ish-meant.)
Time passes by; with each revolving year
New topics hold the greedy public's ear,
When, some bright morning, in a voice of thunder,
Grim Rumor spreads a new and startling wonder:
"Last night," she says, "unguarded by the cats,
A new-born babe was eaten by the rats
In that same hospital we lately lauded,
And its dead founder's charity applauded."
Now here's a godsend for the "item" makers—
A golden harvest for the city papers!
Knights of the quill soon hovering thereabout,
The luckless hospital's turned inside out,
And there 'tis found that, while the patients sink
Down to the grave, or linger on the brink,
The rats and doctors quarrel for the prey
So fierce, 'twere more than difficult to say
Which of the twain most ravenous appear,
Or least conducive to the sick man's cheer;
For if the patient 'scapes the deadly cup
The doctor gives, the rats will eat him up.

This is Benevolence! indeed it seems
The rich fruition of the donor's dreams;
Our streets are crowded e'en to suffocation;
We need an outlet for our population;
So here's a safe establishment indeed
To reach that end, the very thing we need
To hamper life's accelerating pace,
And check the propagation of the race.
Ah, gracious Heaven! in our need befriend us,
And from such hospitality defend us!
Would that the man who thus bequeaths his pelf,
Could oversee his charity himself,
Or by a timely codicil provide
Guardians to see the money well applied,
To guard against all outward, deadly ills,
Quacks, rats, experiments, and patent pills.

A word, in passing, to the mystic crew
Who rule the destinies of old Bellevue:
Drop from your list, as quickly as you can,
Doctor Pill-garlic and some half his clan,

And place thereon, to keep the number pat,
That best physician, Doctor Maltese Cat—
Or Doctor Terrier—'tis no great matter
Which of the twain, if only a good ratter.

Lo! here comes tripping, with a modish air,
A score of damsels from the Fancy Fair,
Tricked out in garniture of tricks and wiles,
Gay, smiling witches, with bewitching smiles.
All hail the Fair! where maids, with gorgeous shows,
Assault the hearts and pockets of the beaux,
While, like that famous Robin Hood of yore,
They strip the rich to clothe the suffering poor;
For, while they leave the seamstress in the lurch,
And take to trading for some needy church—
Belles ringing changes on the spirit's dues,
To buy a bell or tap the parson's shoes—
Trade and Salvation are together spliced,
To make a huckster of the Church of Christ.
If "time is money," as the bards declare,
A heap of money's spent upon the Fair,

For many a week each ardent maid employs
In making gimcracks, pinafores, and toys,
By day in preparation takes delight,
And trades her kickshaws and her smiles by night;
While we rejoice to make our virtue known,
And kill two birds with one convenient stone,
Since here we may, by one expenditure,
Buy what we need, and help the starving poor;
To aid the needy we are seen of men,
And get our money's value back again.
Such is the theory, from which, 'tis true,
The practice differs, as all others do;
For, while 'tis rare benevolence indeed
To buy the trinkets that we do *not* need,
'Tis greater still to pay, without a sigh,
Ten times the value of each toy we buy;
And hence the censor Muse must needs declare
These Fancy Fairs, to say the least, unfair.

Here let me pause a moment to rehearse,
In sportive numbers of satiric verse,

The wondrous changes which these Fancy Fairs
Produce in youths and maidens unawares,
Changing fell hatred, by its magic power,
To the confiding friendship of an hour,
And, by some necromantic means or other,
Changing small change from one purse to another,
Changing the state of coins, and pockets too,
From high denominations down to low,
While Love acquires, with devious length of tale,
A scaly sliding down a sliding scale.

Some charming youth, attending such a mart,
Meets at the door the idol of his heart,
Who, though he fain would tender heart and limb,
Is very far from tender towards him;
But now, all smiles and condescending grace,
She beams upon him with her fair-y face,
And, scolding somewhat at the stupid folks,
Who must be always cracking musty jokes,
Which, like their purses, are extremely dry,
Scentless and empty, for they never buy,

She takes his arm and leads him through the din,
To her own stall, and slyly "takes him in."
Stalled like an ox, in unsuspecting glee
He pays ten dollars for what cost but three,
To make no mention of a custom strange
The girls acquire of never making change.
Ere of his purchase he has time to boast,
A smiling damsel, hailing from the "Post,"
Displays a missive to his curious eyes;
He pays one dollar and secures the prize,
Which, quickly opened, to his great amaze
A strange conglomeration meets his gaze:
"Line upon line, precept upon precept,"
While "here and there a little" sense has crept,
Though traced in characters extremely small—
The letter has no character at all:
Lo! in what light its lucubrations shine!
Here's love-lorn nonsense, twenty cents per line;
Enough, he swears, by all the powers above,
To make a love-sick school-boy sick of love.
"Zounds!" cries our hero, loath such stuff to read,
"This fairy Post 's a stupid post indeed!

In this essay my fortune is no better,
The maid has sold me cheaper than the letter;
Such literature as meets my eager sight,
By school-boy sages ne'er was styled 'polite,'
Nor yet, within the range of earthly knowledge,
Were such belles' lettres ever read in college."
Now lost in thought, downcast and sorrow-laden,
Again he's waylaid by a bright-eyed maiden,
Armed with a bag, in whose recesses sleep
Of toys and trinkets a promiscuous heap;
A lottery, not forbidden by the law,
Terms—like a dentist's—fifty cents a draw.
Though from his former losses still quite sore,
Our friend essays to try his hand once more,
Throws down his "tin," with gesture somewhat warm,
And gets it back, but in a different form;
Plunging his hand the wondrous bag within,
Lo! he draws forth a trumpet made of tin.
To try again he cannot well refuse—
His touch, like mine, provokes some feeble Mews,
For from the pouch ascends a plaintive strain,
A smothered caterwaul of rage and pain:

Resolved at once the mystery to unfold,
He brings to light—a kitten, three days old!
"The game is out!" exclaims the bashful wag,
"The girls have let the cat out of the bag."
"Alas!" he adds, "what cheats these women are,
In every science, from love up to war!
If thus, when single, they deplete one's purse,
Wedding they'll cheat their husbands even worse.
Such dear possessions may I never buy,
For, bless me! how they make the money fly;
In money matters they're so cute and funny;
They'll never cheat me into matrimony."
The sad result can easily be shown—
Love topples downward from his airy throne;
Our friend remains a bachelor for life,
And sweet Miss Kitty is a cobbler's wife.

Scenes such as these, if there were time to write 'em,
The muse might multiply *ad infinitum:*
Enough to say, that he who fain would mend
The people's morals, and the poor befriend,

Has climbed the height of charitable bliss,
If he can fancy such a Fair as this.

Now hither come, with boldly stamping heel,
The earnest strivers for the negro's weal.
Now must my muse, both cautious and discreet,
Tread lightly here, with softly slippered feet,
Lest, if too careless on her march she goes,
She haply tread on some enthusiast's toes,
And thus, unlike the farmers and the Shakers,
Who turn, for benefit of brooms and bakers,
Acres to corn, she turn his corns to achers.
One inconsistency we notice here—
The loud declaimers are the least sincere!
Some famous author, who has spent his life,
And won his glory in this dusky strife,
When the poor slave that managed to evade
A life of bondage, calls to him for aid
To loose the bonds of slavery that bind
The wife and children he has left behind,
False to his colors, to the masthead nailed,
On this dilemma's either horn impaled,

Slips *through* the horn, out at its smallest vent,
Gives his best words, but not a single cent!

I would not blame the workers who essay
The blot of slavery to wipe away,
But fain would ask each ardent devotee
How do we treat the negroes that are free?
Our schools, like artists, with a hand exact,
Draw a nice line between the white and black:
In coach or car, whene'er the negroes ride,
We don't object—if they remain outside;
Even God's altar knows the dusky hue,
For all our churches have their negro pew—
And once a month poor Ethiop's sable son
Eats at God's table—when the rest have done!

Some blooming Flora, in her parlor nook,
Sits quite absorbed in Mrs. Stowe's famed book,
Glowing with sympathy for Sambo's woes,
While briny tear-drops trickle down her nose;
A servant enters—"Madam, there's a poor
Old negro begging at the kitchen door—

A slave, escaping from the master's whip,
Seeking assistance for his northern trip."
Flora looks upward, in extreme surprise:
"John, I'm astonished! have you lost your eyes?"
"Beg pardon, ma'am," poor John essays to say—
She interrupts him—"Send the man away!
I've had enough of such impostors' pleading;
Besides, such business interrupts my reading!"
He goes, and she resumes her occupation,
Right soon forgetting all her late vexation;
Poor "Uncle Tom," down-trodden and oppressed,
Guides the emotion of her heaving breast;
Again the fountain's crystal rheum appears—
She blots the page with sympathetic tears:
Anon the cup of grief—a brimming one—
Turns topsy-turvy with poor Topsey's fun,
And she, forgetting all her former pain,
Laughs at her sallies till she cries again.
Enter the servant, with submissive look:
"Madam, I know you're searching for a cook;
There's one below, of most undoubted worth,
And, if you're willing, she desires the berth."

"Good!" she exclaims, and starting up in haste,
The darling book is from her lap displaced;
Poor "Uncle Tom's" last downfall is complete,
Once more "downtrodden" by her fairy feet.
Like a police judge, in her glad surprise,
"Send her up, John," the eager matron cries;
"But stop!" she adds, with gesture hesitative,
"John, is the woman foreigner or native?"
"A negress, ma'am." "Ah! that's a different case,
And on the question puts a darker face:
In summer days we want no woolly stuff,
And as for colored help—I've had enough,
For, from my larder, I can plainly see,
They 'help' themselves far oftener than me:
They're always lazy, false, and insincere,
And sure to lie—inclining to the beer;
So send her off! I do not care to see her."

So with us all; our charities appear
In lustre dim, or radiantly clear—
More or less worthy of our prompt assistance,
In nice proportion to the object's distance;

While in our streets the homeless wanderers perish,
Each distant charity we fondly cherish,
Ever forgetting, as afar we roam,
The truth that "Charity begins at home."
That which in theory we laud and sing,
We find, in practice, quite another thing.
How varied, too, man's ever-restless mind,
And full of currents as the wintry wind!
We think the negroes at the South oppressed,
While their own masters think them doubly blessed:
They think our negroes cursed beyond expressing—
We think them rich in freedom's choicest blessing:
Poor Afric's son our sympathy may crave
Only so long as he remains a slave.
Ere at another's faults we cast a stone,
Stern Justice prompts us to amend our own;
First to her counsels let us lend an ear,
And do our duty by the negro here—
Unbar the doors to honor, fame, and wealth,
Lift him to comfort and to social health;
So shall we see more clearly to espy
And pluck the mote from out our brother's eye.

Some schemes there are, of noble, high intent,
Spoiled ere they reach their full accomplishment,
And means devoted to a pious use
Are ofttimes squandered by a rank abuse,
Or turned from paths their influence might bless
To other channels of less usefulness.
Here pause, and view our nation's cherished dream—
The famous Foreign Missionary scheme.
Some worthy people, shuddering at the sight
Of Pagan rites, would set the Pagan right,
And, having first collected—if they can—
A hundred thousand dollars for their plan,
Pay twenty thousand, without hesitation,
To fit young teachers for their new vocation;
And then outlay another fifth, or more,
To pay their passage to the foreign shore:
There, while they learn the native tongue to speak,
The strong at home must suffer, by the week,
For twenty thousand of their cherished hoard
The Board at home pays for their foreign board:
Another fifth then quickly disappears,
Meanwhile the parson schools and churches rears:

So, if no gain their sinking fund enlarges,
A paltry fifth is spent for "gospel charges"—
Charges as rash as that at which earth wondered,
At Balaklava, by the brave six hundred.

How true the ancient saying, that "Romance,"
That school-boy failing, "rules the world—and France!"
How many a parson in our midst we find
Useful, indeed, but discontented, blind
To the position by his God assigned!
Despairing, living, of an honored name,
They seek in martyrdom a deathless fame.
Hence, if some land unwonted perils yield,
A crowd of "laborers" seeks that very field.
Some pious youth, fresh from the walls of college,
With pecks of bombast to a pint of knowledge,
Who erst has learned, with glowing fever vext,
To pound a bible, and ex-pound a text,
Contemning dancing in the public hall,
But ever ready for a pulpit bawl,
Essays to teach the heathen, over sea,
Who may, perchance, be wiser far than he.

He seeks the Board, and makes his wishes known
To plant ideas in the torrid zone.
"Aye," cries the clerk, "you've happened just in time;
We need new teachers in that plague-y clime;
We've heard from Turkey but this very minute—
The field is vacant—shall we put you in it?"
"Nay," says our friend, "the peril isn't great;
The Sultan's far too tolerant of late!"
"Try Persia, then." "I'll harbor no such plan,
There's little spirit in that empty Khan;
More and more timid he has lately grown,
And leaves the parsons and their wives alone."
"Then here's the nicest berth you ever saw—
We'll send you off to Borrio-boolah-gah!"
"Nay," he exclaims, "I beg you will not think
I mean to write my fame in India ink!
Besides, by late arrivals thence, I see
There's far too little danger there for me."
"Then go and teach those Ethiopic sinners
Who lately ate ten teachers for their dinners,
Then, at their leisure, rolling in the dirt,
Swallowed the parson's babies for dessert!"

"Good! that's the place! no further care I'll borrow;
God calls me thither, and I'll go to-morrow!"
So, while all martyrdoms they rashly flout,
The safer missions quietly die out;
The field of Greece yields to more greasy ones,
The Turkey mission gobbles no more funds.

'Tis said that once, upon a wintry day,
A hard-shell preacher, in the hard-shelled way,
Beneath the waters of a foaming rill
Dipped willing converts of his own "Free Will,"
When one unlucky maiden, in a trice,
Slipped from his grasp and slid beneath the ice.
The preacher stared, then shouted to a brother—
"The Lord's got her, quick, let us have another!"
So, when our hero, sent to fill the souls
Of hungry natives, fills their wooden bowls,
Graces their tables in a smoking stew,
Food for their spirits—and their bodies, too—
Or when he feeds, through some unseen mischance,
Their big black uncles or their big white ants,

The Board at home cries out, "His work is done;
The Lord 's got him; let's have another one!"

Mistaken souls! through gazing far away
Our eyes are blinded to the nearer ray
That softly shines, through all our earnest strife,
From humbler duties of our daily life;
And while each eager, charitable ear,
Strains to the music of some distant sphere,
We catch no echo from the strain of woe
That floats from suffering mortals here below.
Are there no sorrows in our native land
To wake our pity, and our aid command?
Is there no work for every hand to do
Humbler than these, more Christian-like and true?
Not mine the heart a noble task to chide,
Or patient, earnest workers, to deride.
"Go, preach My gospel in each foreign land,
And teach all nations," was our Lord's command;
He never bade us make the gospel known
To foreign heathen, and *neglect our own.*

Let wealthier nations carry on the work,
Convert the Jew, and Christianize the Turk;
France, Spain, and Germany, and England, too,
Crowded with priests, who've nothing else to do,
Rolling in wealth, are able, if they will,
To send the teachers and to pay the bill;
But we in search of duty need not roam,
'Tis very plain our mission lies—at home,
Where crime runs riot in each public place,
And vacant pulpits stare us in the face.
Descend, ye dreamers, from your cloud-capped domes,
To battle evil in our streets and homes!
We've heathen here, more savage far than those
Who pierce our hearts with sympathetic throes:
Those take a part, but these consume the whole;
Those eat the body, these devour the soul.
These let us teach, while yet we have the power,
Seeking to grave upon each passing hour
Some golden record of a duty done,
Of sorrows cheered, and souls from ruin won.

Consistent Christians of this latter day,
The wars of Pagans fill us with dismay!
We at their bloody deeds in horror start,
And send disciples of "the manly art"
To prove that Brother Jonathan is full
As much a bully as his friend, John Bull!
In that enlightened land beyond the sea,
In this, our boasted, glorious century,
While other Christians cheer the savage sport,
Two earnest Christians to the ring resort,
There tug and battle through some fifty rounds,
Pounding God's image for a thousand pounds;
Keeping, while struggling for the champion's crown,
Their spirits up, by pouring spirits down.
And these are men of doctrine orthodox!
Pupils of Calvin, countrymen of Fox,
And eke disciples of good, sturdy Knox.
And if, perchance, our champion beat the Celt,
We dub him hero—when he gets the belt;
Each Yankee bard his well-earned glory sings,
And shouts his praises till the welkin rings;

While he, insensible to foolish shame,
Retires content with his Bull-bateing fame.

Were half the sums we squander every year
Applied to teach our barbarous heathen here,
And half the parsons we have taught to roam
Called from the field to fill the field at home,
Then might we hope to check the march of crime,
And gild some feathers in the wings of Time—
To write "Reform" upon our country's banners,
Convert Tom Sayers and teach John Heenan manners.
So when at last, by humble, patient labor,
We've done our duty by our next-door neighbor,
Then will we join, with eager hearts and hands,
To help the natives in those distant lands:
So when our pulpits here are all supplied,
And duty's earnest calls are satisfied,
When minus thieves, and plus of holy men,
Let's send the sur-plus off, but not till then.

Already wearied with her cumbrous song,
It irks the Muse her censure to prolong,

Yet must she notice, ere she close the strain,
Last but not least, the Liquor Law of Maine.
In olden times each jolly country squire,
With pipe and tankard, at the tap-room fire,
Fearing no law, might entertain his fellow,
And, like his apples, grow exceeding mellow.
Now we've a legal chain, whose every link
Sternly prescribes what man may eat and drink,
Loudly declaring, in an angry tone,
"That which thou buyest is not all thine own!"
By moral suasion we're no longer led,
The law of morals governs us instead.

Suppose some aged veteran from the wars,
Minus a leg, and covered o'er with scars,
With flowery nose, cheeks like two whiskey butts,
And, like some story book, adorned with cuts,
Driven to madness by domestic strife,
And fierce philippics from a scolding wife,
Unable longer with the jade to bicker,
Takes to his arms and thinks it best to lick 'er,

Pours brandy down until he makes her sick,
And beats her soundly with a liquor-ish stick.
In steps the law, with magisterial frown,
Taking both up to put the liquor down.
"Zounds!" cries the sage, "what curious days are these,
When man and wife can't quarrel if they please!
Man of creation is no longer king,
Slung to destruction by a whiskey sling:
'Total depravity' consists in gin,
And brandy smashes are a smashing sin!"

Much good results, beyond the Muse's doubt,
From laws like these, if wisely carried out;
Vice basks no longer in the garish light,
Rum-drinking, too, is driven out of sight;
In low, damp cellars, free from all restraint
Of public gaze, or scowl of private saint,
Gay sons of Bacchus revel all the more,
And men get drunk who never did before.
(Though liquor-sellers, in their anger wild,
Who never yet have learned to "draw it mild,"

Declare that topers, it is clearly found,
Drink deeper now—some ten feet under ground.)
What though the law has made the trade less brisk,
Adulteration pays for every risk.
The more we drink the more exceeding high
The price of rum, and poor men cannot buy;
Topers declare, with dark, despairing frown,
Prices go up as brandy slings go down.
That towns make money it must be confessed,
While agents pay into the corporate chest
One third their profits, and retain the rest,
And States' attorneys, with unsparing hand,
Force all creation to the witness stand,
And there compel good citizens to swear
When last they drank, how much, and what, and where,
Leaving the town to remedy the ill,
And, like the jury, to discharge the bill.

Ah! when will Justice visit earth again,
And Truth imperial resume her reign?

When from man's spirit shall the veil be torn,
And Falsehood's mantle be no longer worn?
Most good results, not from the lordliest aims,
The humbler deed the greater honor claims:
Who gives a penny from a bounteous store,
To feed the orphan or the starving poor,
Gives more than Dives, who bequeaths his all
To found a college or a hospital.
We freely give, through fear of fortune's frown,
But give more freely for our own renown.
Of all our charity we loudly boast,
But scorn the objects that deserve it most.
Did man but make his brother's griefs his own,
And cherish Virtue for herself alone,
Then to our aid no grating law need come
To fetter Vice, or check the sale of rum.
Did men but do their duty, as is meet,
By all the ragged beggars in the street,
Then were no need of charitable cares,
Of missions, hospitals, and fancy fairs.

All will be right! God's purpose, ever sure,
Permits the evil, and effects the cure:
Afar, in Fancy's realm, methinks I see
A golden time, in ages yet to be,
When Truth shall stand in royal garb arrayed,
And Vice shall grovel in eternal shade:
I see no weak one fawning on the great,
No starving beggar at the palace gate,
No tyrant hand, harsh, cruel, and unjust,
Crushing God's image downward to the dust—
But floods of light, earth's myriads to bless,
Stream from the Sun of Peace and Righteousness,
Flash round the world, one belt of golden sheen,
Lighting the corners where the shades have been;
While Error's ban-dogs, dazzled by the glare,
Slink to their caves of darkness and despair:
Earth claps her hands and laughs, as in her days
Of spring-time freshness, when with notes of praise
The morning stars together gayly sang,
And heaven's high vault with angel pæans rang.
Anon, before my soul's prophetic eye,
A towering form uprises to the sky,

Rears her meek head above the stars of night,
Crowned with a halo of celestial light,
While round her form a warm effulgence plays,
Soft as the tints of autumn's dying days,
Holy and chaste, descending from above—
The light serene of universal love!
Proudly she stands on Time's descending slope,
FAITH on the one side, on the other HOPE,
The greatest of the three: her beaming smiles
Cheer the sad hearts in earth's remotest isles;
Her arms, outstretching, fill the void of space,
Clasping all nations in a fond embrace.
What form is this, beneath whose gentle sway
All peoples bend, and worship, and obey?
E'en while I ponder, to my listening ear
Comes a soft whisper, passing sweet and clear:
'Tis she whose hands most happiness dispense,
The suffering heart's best comfort and defence,
Earth's queen and Heaven's—the TRUE BENEVOLENCE.